STORY OF A STATESMAN.

ing young Conwent to Washington on the

more than six months be-

Brownlee, M. C. At home he had never amounted to much, socially. He how," he replied in desperation. came of very poor parents-"white trash," the colored verdict said. Mr. town the next evening. Brownlee's pedigree, however, began by his prodigious hustling abilities.

tendency of mind, he had the good for- Claude Melnotte, with the other details tune to combine an affable disposition, of romantic stage illusions, which bean accommodating manner, a pleasant | guile the senses of a girl who has seen smile and a certain good address. When only the fashionable side of life, her he entered the race for Congress none anticipations were somewhat dampenimagined for a minute that he had the ed when they stepped off the train in slightest prospect of success, but the the dark and found themselves on a average political weather prophet has platform where some rough-looking a dangerous tendency to pin his faith men were lounging about under the to the infallibility of his own opinions | canopy of a projecting roof that was and standing put upon them; and that is why it happens so often that young | They seemed to recognize the member men like Mr. Brownlee beat out an old of Congress, despite his disguise, for race horse and go to Congress on a ti- he wore a fashionable overcoat and a dal wave. Unlike the ravens who closely rolled umbrella, though he had croaked his doom, Brownlee did some characteristic hustling, snatched the nomination from a tired old campaigner and was elected.

When he reached Washington he wore the conventional soft black hat and long black skirt coat of the South, but before he had been there six months he looked like a Broadway



"YOU KNOW, DEAR, I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOUR PAPA AND MAMMA,'

swell, with a silk hat, black cutaway goat and gray trousers. And that's why his constituents scarcely recognized him.

Daisy Vernon, who had smiled with icy scorn upon the suits of a dozen so- cursed himself and the crowd, and for ciety men casting themselves at her the first time in his life felt sorry that feet, together with their fortunes and he ever married. Outwardly, however, pedigrees, felt her heart dissolve be- he gave no token of his chagrin, but ed forth. But by and by he warmed to fore the insidious attention of Mr. smiled and cracked jokes and clutched his subject, and here and there a mem-Brownlee, M. C. There may have at every straw that promised him relief | ber on the other side interrupted him. been something in that M. C., a mis- from the merciless persifiage of his ill- Then suddenly Brownlee's genius taken idea, perchance, that a man who bred constituents. He finally managed | flashed forth in all its originality. Sevis sent to Congress must be the cock of the walk in his district-an idea that some persons have-and that, altogeth- | passengers; and a hoarse shout that er, the suit of a member of the House who combined as many attractive qualities as her Brownlee was preferable to that of any other mortal.

And so, to cut things short, after a dashing courtship, they were married at one of the fashionable churches, with a great display of pomp, the attendance of her distinguished relatives and his Congressional friends, members of the press, etc. Then, after a brilliant reception, they departed on their bridal trip, but not to Brownlee's house. On the contrary, he purchased tickets over a railroad that took him in a diametrically opposite direction, just gs far from his district as he could go.

The trip came to an end, and then Brownlee and his wife returned to Washington, installing themselves at hand in his, "are you prepared to make had seen enough of the world to discover the secret of making an impression | me again in all our lives?" in society. With the aid of his wife's social standing and his \$5,000 income, the way was open to him, and he made like a sick child's; "what do you ask the best of his chances. He was re- me?" ceived everywhere with open arms, and if one man ever hit it rich it was

that same energetic young M. C. On the whole, Brownlee deserved it. He had no influential friends to thank for his rise in the world; no family influence had stood back of him to direct his efforts; no money had been used to when everybody in town had the cholbuy him a seat in Congress. He had era it passed them by as not worth nojust invested what mother wit nature | ticing." had endowed him with in such opporunities as came to hand, and when fortune, in her timid way, had knocked at his door, as she is said to do at every man's door once in a lifetime, he had said, "Come in!" in his loudest tones. And he was honest and sincere. He had not deceived Miss Vernon about his pedigree. She had taken him for better or worse, and the fault was hers if she should feel disappointed.

Brownlee was a good working member of Congress. He made friends rapidly with the leaders, and watched that they never lost sight of him a single day. All this young man wanted house, was opportunity. He would rise to the ceasion, for that he vouched.

> ssion came to an end. The elecar at hand, and every mem-

E WAS a dash-1 tion with regard to his aristocratic wife. Take her home? Leave her

gressman, who here? He suggested the latter course. "I have been thinking a good deal about it," remarked Mrs. Brownlee. "I tidal wave from think I shall accompany you. You one of the dis- know, dear, I have never seen your stores. tricts in the papa and mamma. I have formed my South. But he own ideas of them, and am real anxious had not been at to see them. They must be just charmthe capital ing people to have a son like my Ally."

"Ally" is what she always called fore those who had known him. But there was no music in the him at home and went to sound of the sweet diminutive, as she Washington on business uttered it on this fatal morning after scarcely recognized him as breakfast. Brownlee had a headache, the same man. A great and was not as responsive to his wife's change had come over Algernon Smith affectionate caresses as usual. "Well, I'm not ashamed of 'em, any-

They packed their things and left

If Mrs. Brownlee in her buoyant with Mr. Brownlee, and what he lack- trustfulness anticipated scenes of greeted in aristocracy of blood he made up ing in which mingled the picturesque effects of a summer residence on the With his keen energy and upward banks of Lake Como, as described by sheltering them from a dreary rainfall. exchanged his silk hat for a Derby. After some whispering the knot of loungers gravitated toward them.

"Dog my oats, Bill," called out one, "if this ain't Smith Brownlee. Hello. Smith; got back, have yo'?" slapping him on the back. "My, but yo' look putty! Come 'ere, Jim; look at 'im. Would ye know 'im ef yo' met 'im on a dark road? Say, Smith, yo' must a-struck it rich when we sent yo' to favorite pastime of heaving fossilized have an overcoat to yo' back, an' I'll leave it to the crowd, now, did 'e?"

Smith tried to take it as a joke. He laughed softly and introduced his wife in the ill-lighted waiting-room whither of a man who has a load on his conthe delegation of his constituents had science. followed. They removed their hats and stared at the lady like a lot of bumpkins; but this diversion continued only until the most loud-spoken constituent could think of saying something that was intended for a compliment to Mrs. Brownlee, but which ricochotted upon her husband in the form of another rude sally at the metamorphosis of his condition, when they all hawhawed in

Mrs. Brownlee was beginning to get shocked. The smell of the coal oil made her ill, and she pinched her husband's The rich and thoroughbred Miss arm as a signal to break away and hie to get his wife and himself into a foulsmelling little country 'bus that carried sounded half derisive to the well-trained perceptive faculties of Mrs. Brownlee went up from the platform through the darkness and rain as they drove

Brownlee told the 'bus driver to stop at the hotel. He did, but the owner was tearing down that part of the building where the rooms for guests were located, to rebuild, he said, "agin court time," and there was no place there for them. So there was nothing to do but what Brownlee, in the most desperate calculation of his chances, had never contemplated even as a last resort-stop at his home.

"Daisy," said he, in a hoarse voice, as the 'bus splashed through the mire of the road; "Daisy," softly taking her one of the leading hotels. Brownlee a sacrifice for me-greater, I hope, than any I shall ever ask you to make for

She said "yes" wearily, with her head swaying loosely on her shoulders

"That you will not hate or despise me when I introduce you to my father and mother," he said, tenderly.

"They are poor, then?" she asked in that same weary tone.

"They are the commonest people in the State; they are so common that

"My!" she exclaimed; "how did you ever get into Congress?"

"By my own efforts, and not with the help of anybody in the world. I just simply hustled for it!"

"Well," she said, "let it come." The parental Brownlees lived in a plain, vellow, frame house, colonial in style in that it shot upward on four sides like a big box, but without any ornate adornments under the eaves, and without even a veranda, except a small one that afforded a view of the cabbage patch and a pig sty in the farther perspective at the back of the

Brownlee's mother smoked a corncob pipe and had whiskers. Brownlee's father ate his supper in his shirt sleeves, and wore cowhide boots outside of his pants while he was eating ome to look after his it. The furniture was scant, and they hardest struggle of | rented the house; that is, they rented it, | Babb, too, that he made alive after he | render. When I had finished I handed | traitor herd, 'tis but to say ingratitude n a course of ac- but Brownlee, M. C., paid the rent. The got killed blowing rocks."

greeting that the Brownlees, first edition, extended to the Brownlees, second edition, was cordial to demonstrativeness. The maternal Brownlee was something of a cook, and soon had a repast steaming on the table. It wasn't a bad supper, but Mrs. Brownlee didn't have her Washington appetite with her, and her slight headache had grown worse, and she asked to be shown to her room. The room had no comforts except a patched carpet, a pine bedstead and an upright packing box with a curtain drawn around it for a washstand, and a portable mirror of the species often seen at cheap auction

When she arose the next morning her headache had not abated. The smell of fried pork and coffee that struck her olfactories while she was dressing was too much for her delicate nerves, and she never wished herself farther away from the house of her husband's parents than at that moment. She sipped a little coffee and then withdrew again to her room, just to be alone. When Brownlee, M. C., entered, she was lying on the bed fully dressed, weeping.

What passed between them in the interview that took place is a matter of conjecture. The result became evident



DOG MY OATS, BILL," CRIED OUT ONE, "IF THIS AIN'T SMITH BROWNLEE."

when the bus drove up to the Brownlee mansion that evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee, the younger, got in and rode to the depot. Brownlee saw his wife safely aboard the Pullman car. and then stood on the platform and watched the train disappear in the dis-

The same set of ruffian constituents who greeted him on his arrival were occupying their accustomed place on the platform, and indulged in their causes that influenced your actions." parental mansion with the weary step | did it."

But that did not deter Brownlee from getting out and hustling. If he had worked like a Trojan the first time for a double dose of Trojan devotion into his efforts now, and the result of it all was that he was renominated and elected, and went back to Washington to finish his unexpired term of service in the House.

His wife sat in the gallery one day unseen by him when a great debate was on. Brownlee had prepared himself for the master effort of his life. He had got the consent of the leaders to the bosom of his family. Brownlee on his side to make a speech. He attracted little attention as he rose, and with his genial smile glanced over the house, drew a deep breath and launcheral members who had tried to trip him up found themselves mercilessly impaled upon the fiery shafts of Brownlee's sharp retorts and held up to the ridicule of the house, while Brownlee smiled in that fetching way of his that made him resemble an expert conjurer when he contemplates the astonishment of the deluded victims of his craftiness. Before he sat down Brownlee had scored a triumph that insured him a place on one of the big committees of the house when the next Congress should organize.

One of the doorkeepers handed him a note. He was receiving the congratu-



BROWNLEE'S MOTHER SMOKED A CORN-COB PIPE AND HAD WHISKERS.

lations of his side of the house, and he did not open it for several minutes, holding it almost forgotten in his closed hand. When he opened it he read: "Dear Ally: I am ready to beg your DAISY." heartbroken.

A Logical Deduction.

In August of the year 1828 a blasu.23 accident occurred in a Massachusetts town, and two men were injured, one of whom was killed and the other was supposed to be dead. A physician was summoned, and one of the victims, named Babb, was resuscitated and he fully recovered and lived many years. At the house to which Mr. Babb's unconscious body was taken, was a boy born in September of 1825. Some months afterwards the child's mother told her boy the Bible story of Jesus raising a dead person to life, adding he replied, "No, I did not. Lee came that He alone could do that. The little fellow listened very attentively, and then broke out with the joyous exclamation: "I've seen Jesus. His other name is Dr. Davis; and I know Mr.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Bugs, Etc., Etc.

During the winter of 1863-64, it was the fortune of Gen. Cullen A. Battle, of Alabama, to be president of the court martial of the army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the wind howled around his camp, he left his bivouac fire to attend the session of court at Round Oak Church. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of the Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper was calledcharge desertion.

A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as the young artilleryman rose from the prisoners' bench, and in response to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty." The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed, and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel."

Supposing that it was Cooper's purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied: "I have no witnesses."

Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, Gen. Battle said to him: "Have you no defense? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and desertenemy without any reason?"

He answered: "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court."

are mistaken; you are charged with the | slaves and a nephew barely in his teens. highest crime known to military law,

his nomination, he threw the energy of | Stonewall Jackson through a hundred fore she could speak the young soldier

home, we must die. Your MARY."

ceived this letter?"

with the burning words of Mary sink- tion and then to Patsy a blank. ing into my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had been fired upon me. When I arrived home Mary ran out to meet me, and whispered, 'O, Edward, I am so happy; I am so glad you got your furlough.' She must have as death, and catching her breath at every word she said, 'Have you come without your furlough? O, Edward, go back! Go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave together; but, O, for heaven's sake, save the honor of your name!' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of

your court." Every officer of the court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the trained by the great leader, Robert E. pardon now-any time. Come. Am beneath their feet, and each in his turn

pronounced the verdict, "Guilty." Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the commanding general, and upon the record was written:

"Headquarters A. N. V. "The finding of the court approved. The prisoner is pardoned and will report to his company.

"R. E. LEE, General."

-Washington Post.

Lee's Surrender. When Gen. Grant was asked, "Did you take Lee's sword at Appomattox?" there wearing the magnificent sword which the State of Virginia had given him, but I did not want him to sur render it to me. I sat down at once and busied myself writing terms of the surthem to Gen. Lee. He read them and is his crime.-Froude.

remarked, 'They are certainly very generous indeed.' He then told me the cavalrymen owned their own horses, and if they were deprived of them they could not put in their crops. Then I gave the order. 'Take the horses home with you, for you'll need them in the spring plowing." This is the simple story of Lee's surrender. Caesar would have had that sword; Napoleon would have demanded it; Wellington would not have been satisfied with it, but U. S. Grant was too great to take it .- Exchange.

The Story of an Old Clock.

Near Bardstown, Ky., in what is known as the Beech Grove neighborhood, dwelt Nathan Colerain and his maiden sister, now past middle life. She is Miss Patsy Colerain, or "Aunt Patsy," as she is known to her neighbors and friends. She is a lady of great refinement and bears traces of remarkable youthful beauty. She has not gone beyond the precincts of her own yard in over thirty years. There is a tragic story connected with her estrangement from the world. In the spacious hall of the Colerain residence stands an old clock, of the "grandfather" species. The pendulum of this clock has been motionless since a fateful night in 1864, when it played an important part in a bloody tragedy that broke Miss Patsy Colerain's heart and enveloped her life in a pall of gloom that will never be lifted this side of the grave. In 1864 Miss Patsy Colerain was con-

sidered one of the handsomest young women in Nelson County, Kentucky. Of an old-line family, wealthy in her own specification against the prisoner was name, she was naturally much sought after, and had suitors by the score. Of course, she had but one choice, and that was Reuben Morehead, a descendant of one of Kentucky's Governors. Young Morehead was an orphan, who had been reared by a neighboring farmer. Patsy had known him all her life, and had loved him as far back as she could remember. The war broke out, and ed your colors in the presence of the Reuben took up arms for the North. Then followed sad days for the young girl. Her father sickened and died, and her only brother was in the far South, battling for the Confederacy. Thus she Gen. Battle then said: "Perhaps you was left with only the faithful negro

At this time the neighborhood was and it is your duty to make known the full of guerrillas. Sue Mundy and his gang were terrorizing that entire sec-For the first time Cooper's manly tion, and soldiers and civilians alike Congress. When yo' left yar yo' didn't jokes at their representative in Conform trembled and his blue eyes swam were falling victims at their hands. The Brownlee swallowed it all in In tears. Approaching the president of outlaws were frequently at the Colerain good part, and then turned his back to | the court, he presented a letter; saying home, and, while Patsy had never sufthe station and sauntered toward the as he did so: "There, General, is what fered any indignities from them, she was in constant terror lest she might.

> Gen. Battle opened the letter, and in One rainy night in April, 1864, Miss a moment his eyes filled with tears. It Colerain was sitting before a cheerful was passed from one to another of the fire, when suddenly the door opened court until all had seen it, and those and young Morehead, attired in a handstern warriors, who had passed with some uniform, stood before her. Bebattles, wept like children. As soon caught her in his arms and showered as the president recovered his self-pos-kisses upon her blushing face. The two session he read the letter as the defense lovers talked together of the days when of the prisoner. It was in these words: war would be over and they should be "Dear Edward-I have always been united never to part, and were happy in proud of you; since your connection each other's company, when suddenly with the Confederate army I have been the sounds of horses' feet startled them. prouder of you than ever before. I On looking out the window Miss Colewould not have you do anything wrong rain was horrified to see the yard filled for the world, but, before God, Edward, with half-drunken guerrillas. It was unless you come home we must die! Sue Mundy and his gang. They were Last night I was aroused by little Ed- soon at the door clamoring for admitdie's crying, 'O, mamma, I'm so hun- tance. It was sure death for Reuben gry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling if the guerrillas set their eyes on him. Lucy, she never complains, but grows What to do with him was a perplexing thinner and thinner every day. And, problem. Suddenly a bright idea struck before God, Edward, unless you come the young girl and she pointed to the clock. Reuben lost no time in getting Turning to the prisoner, Gen. Battle into the barrel of the timepiece and his she admitted the men, who, swearing He replied: "I made application for and cursing, demanded food. She had a furlough, and it was rejected; again I hardly left the dining room to get it made application, and it was rejected; when she heard the report of firearms, a third time I made application, and it and hurrying back she was just in time was rejected; and that night as I wan- to see the murderous outlaws dragging dered backward and forward in the the dead body of her lover from the old camp, thinking of my home, and the clock. At this juncture came the tramp wild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, of horses and more firing and commo-

> and death, a victim of brain fever, and when the disease left her she was but a wreck of her former self. Then she find her lover. She neglected to conceal guerrillas discovered them they started a search for the young soldier. The felt me shudder, for she turned as pale latter threw open the door of the clock, presumably with the hope of making his escape, when he was shot and instantly killed. About this time a detachment of young Morehead's command swooped down upon the guerrillas and put them to flight.

Soldier-Made Checker-Board. This chess and checker board is a relic of the war, not that which is just over, but of that grim struggle which may no longer be called "the late unpleasantness." It was made with a pocket-knife, of walnut, beech and oak. eloquent pleadings for a husband's and The patient man who carefully shaved father's wrongs; but they had been and trimmed these bits of wood was Captain Knight, a Confederate officer. Lee, to tread the path of duty, though | He was a prisoner on Johnsons island, the lightning flash scorched the ground | up the river from St. Louis, when he



SOLDIER-MADE CHECKER-BOARD. concluded to turn his whittling to some

The board consists of 162 little blocks of wood glued to a square cloth. The cloth was once a part of the lining of a Confederate soldier's overcoat. The board laid out flat upon a smooth surface, makes a smooth and satisfactory checker board. When desired, it may be rolled into a tight roll and slipped into a man's pocket. It is a relic of the civil war that is much valued by Daughters of the Confederacy.

When we would, with utmost detesta tion, single some monster from the SEIZED BY AN OCTOPUS.

Frightful Experience of a Man Off the New Guinea Coast.

The greatest enemy the divers had to

fear in the waters of New Guinea was

the dreaded octopus, whose presence occasioned far greater panic than the appearance of a mere shark. These loathsome monsters would sometimes come and throw their horrible tentacles over the side of the frail craft from which the divers were working, and actually fasten on to the men themselves, dragging them out into the water. At other times octopuses have been known to attack the divers down below, and hold them relentlessly under water until life was extinct. One of our own men had a terribly narrow escape from one of these fearful creatures. I must explain, however, that each evening, when the divers returned from pearl fishing, they roped all their little skiffs together and let them lie astern of the schooner. Well, one night the wind rose and rain fell heavily, with the result that next morning all the little boats were found more or less waterlogged. Some of the Malays were told off to go and bale them out. While they were at work one of the men saw a mysterious-looking, black object in the sea, which so attracted his curiosity that he dived overboard to find out what it was. He had barely reached the water, however, when an immense octopus rose into view, and at once made for the terrified man, who instantly saw his danger, and with great presence of mind promptly turned and serambled back into the boat. The terrible creature was after him,

however, and to the horror of the onlookers it extended its great flexible tentacles, enveloped the entire boat, man and all, and then dragged the whole down under the crystal sea. The diver's horrified comrades rushed to his assistance, and an attempt was made to kill the octopus with a harpeon, but without success. Several of his more resourceful companions then dived into the water with a big net made of rope, which they took right underneath the octopus, entangling the creature and its living prey. The next step was to drag up both man and octopus into the whaleboat, and, this done, the unfortunate Malay was at length seized by his legs and dragged by sheer force out of the frightful embrace, more dead than alive. However, we soon revived him by putting him in a very hot bath, the water being at such a temperature as actually to blister his skin. It is most remarkable that the man was not altogether drowned, as he had been held under water by the tentacles of the octopus for rather more than two minutes. But, like all the Malays of our party, this man earried a knife, which he used to very good purpose on the monster's body when first it dragged him under the water. These repeated stabs caused the creature to keep rolling about on the surface. The unhappy man was in this way enabled to get an occasional breath of air, otherwise he must infallibly have been drowned. The octopus had an oval body, and was provided with an extraordinary number of tentacles-six very large ones and many smaller ones of varying sizes. It was a horrible-looking creature, with a flat, slimy body, yellowish-white in color, with black spots and a hideous eavity of a mouth, without teeth. It is the tentacles of the creature that are so dreaded, on account of the immense sucking power which they possess. After this incident the divers always took a tomahawk with them on their expediasked: "What did you do when you re- sweetheart fastened the door. Then tions, in order to lop off the tentacles of any octopus that might try to attack them.-World Wide Magazine.

Amer can Goots in Uruguay.

The business of meat extraction in Uruguay paid last year a dividend of 20 per cent. The gold production of the republic was only \$38,505. The Germans have made great inroads upon Uruguayan trade, driving out English For weeks she hovered between life competitors. Their goods are not so durable as the English manufactures -are, in fact, of distinctly poorer quality-but they have studied the demands heard the story of how they came to of the market and met it, while the Britishers are too conservative to his overcoat and gloves and when the change. The Germans, however, will be forced to prove the quality of their goods in order to hold their own. In cetton goods the United States is making satisfactory advances. This year has seen the largest importation of agriculture machinery yet recorded in Uruguay. The consul at Montevidec says. "Our machines have won their places on the market by sheer merit, being more serviceable, lighter, less liable to breakage, and better suited for the purpose intended. Intelligent agents have done excellent work in this line, and the machines will do their own talking in the harvest fields of the republic in 1898. As long as the quality is maintained our exports will increase in these lines at the expense of those of foreign make-some of which are rank counterfeits of American goods." -Chicago Times-Herald.

> Revived on the Diss cting Table. A soldier dead for three days was

about to be dissected at the Algiers military hospital when he woke up and, before the doctors recovered from their surprise, got off the dissecting table and walked into the next room, where he wrote down some words on a piece of paper to make sure that he was alive and awake. The dectors say that he has completely recovered from his lethargy.

A Bad Break.

Medico-How is it you failed to become an ambulance surgeon?

Sawbones-In the examination I was foolish enough to tell how to distinguish a drunken man from one with a fractured skull.-Puck.

Nothing disconcerts a girl more than to brace herself to meet the shock of a marriage propocal and the shock fails to materialize.